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by the Palazzo Bondeys and said so. That made me feel good. Jack and JVB then had a discussion about how best to clean out the trees that must be cut down and when it should be done. Jack says that it can be done in one or two Saturdays and that it should be done as soon as the leaves begin to fall. I can hardly wait, because I am very interested in cleaning up the back of the building and also in getting down some of the dead and dying trees out back. JVB said that he would cut down the one that is lying across the path. We all then came back in front of the building and stood and talked, and John spoke of Boot Camp. He still seems very very hyper and is veritably bobbing over with military enthusiasm. at the slightest provocation he would snap into a military up, or running in a forced march manner. Very frightening. He appears to be crazed in a very conventional military manner -- I am always struck by how similar the behavior of returning military trainees is to that of patients in mental hospitals. and yet the very dear and very precious JVB that we all know and love is still there, of course, and that aspect of JVB (which is central to the package) will slowly but surely take precedence over the military/crazed veneer. No ^{electric} heater/radiator is wonderful. I am very very comfortable by it at the moment. John reported that it was 95 degrees Fahrenheit when he left Georgia yesterday and here in Pennsylvania it was 40 degrees Fahrenheit ce matin. Naturally, John was having a problem with the cold weather. JVB et ses parents were on their way to have coffee somewhere. They went down toward the intersection and that was that. As John drove out of the yard, he beeped her horn in the very friendly and very recognisable JVB manner:

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two short beeps just as he pulls away. It's like an auditory pat on the shoulder after he has pulled away and is out of physical reach. How good it sounded to hear it again. Before leaving John asked: "are you going to be around tomorrow?" SRP: "Yes." JVB: "Good. I'll come out and see you." and that was that, and Johnny has come marching home again, and Johnny has come marching home again.

What a wonderful day. "Une autre longue journée balzacienne" and there is, enfin, time for everything. No sensation has not been a part of my daily world for so long that I can hardly believe that I have the pleasure of such temporal spaciousness. What a luxury. What a glorious luxury. Such are the kind of days that are the staple of the fictional world of Henry James.

Encore ce soir, j'ai téléphoné à O.W.P. et je ne l'ai pas trouvé chez lui. J'ai téléphoné à 9 heures, je retéléphonerai encore après 11 heures. Je veux lui dire combien j'ai apprécié la photographie qu'il m'a envoyée hier. Cela lui donnera un grand plaisir, certainement.

All communications to
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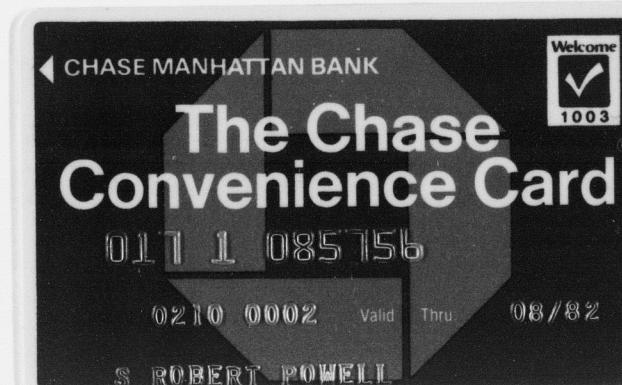
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↑ Last known address of SRP's friend from NYC — Daniel Escher. SRP met Daniel during his first autumn/winter in New York. SRP Daniel went to England in the late 1970s, I think.



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